# Millennial Star

Christmas Issue

And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was

Thursday, December 24, 1942
Vol. 104, No. 52

IT IS A MATTER OF HISTORY THAT, AT OR NEAR THE BEGINNING OF WHAT HAS SINCE COME TO BE KNOWN AS THE CHRISTIAN ERA, THE MAN JESUS, SURNAMED THE CHRIST, WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA.

AS TO WHO AND WHAT HE WAS THERE ARE DISSENSIONS OF GRAVE MOMENT DIVIDING THE OPINIONS OF MEN; AND THIS DIVERGENCE OF CONCEPTION AND BELIEF IS MOST PRONOUNCED UPON THOSE MATTERS TO WHICH THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE ATTACHES. THE SOLEMN TESTIMONIES OF MILLIONS DEAD AND OF MILLIONS LIVING UNITE IN PROCLAIMING HIM AS DIVINE, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD, THE REDEEMER AND SAVIOUR OF THE HUMAN RACE, THE ETERNAL JUDGE OF THE SOULS OF MEN, THE CHOSEN AND ANOINTED OF THE FATHER—IN SHORT, THE CHRIST.

MANKIND HAS NEVER PRODUCED A LEADER TO RANK WITH HIM. REGARDED SOLELY AS A HISTORIC PERSONAGE, HE IS UNIQUE. JUDGED BY THE STANDARD OF HUMAN ESTIMATION, JESUS OF NAZARETH IS SUPREME AMONG MEN BY REASON OF THE EXCELLENCE OF HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER, THE SIMPLICITY, BEAUTY AND GENUINE WORTH OF HIS PRECEPTS, AND THE INFLUENCE OF HIS EXAMPLE AND DOCTRINES IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE RACE. TO THESE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS OF SURPASSING GREATNESS, THE DEVOUT CHRISTIAN SOUL ADDS AN ATTRIBUTE THAT FAR EXCEEDS THE SUM OF ALL THE OTHERS —THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST'S ORIGIN AND THE ETERNAL REALITY OF HIS STATUS AS LORD AND GOD.

"JESUS THE CHRIST,"

By JAMES E. TALMAGE.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

# MILLENNIAL STAR

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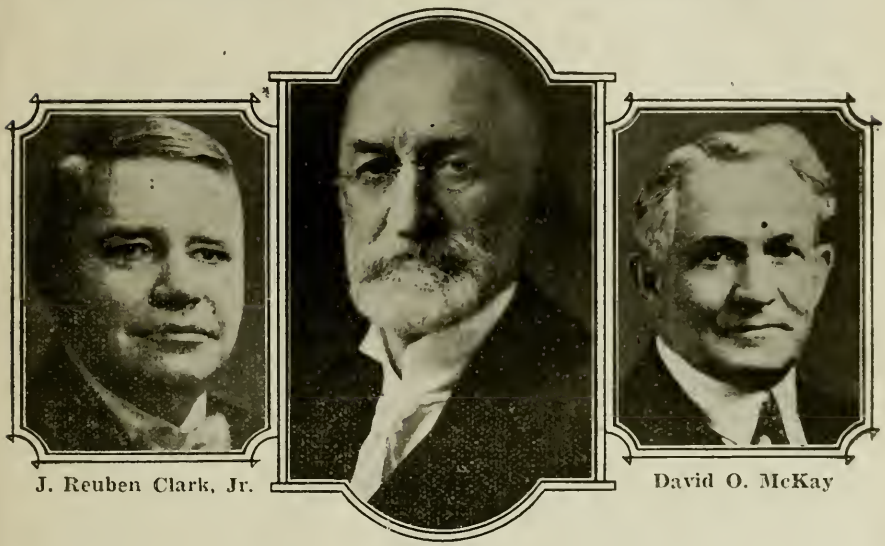
## Message Of The First Presidency



J. Reuben Clark, Jr. David O. McKay

Heber J. Grant

The following message of the First Presidency was read at the opening session of 113th Semi-Annual Conference, October 3, 1942, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

TO THE SAINTS in every land and clime we send our love and greetings and say unto you: May the Peace of Christ which passeth human understanding enter your souls and be and abide with you always. During the coming winter, may the Lord in His wisdom, give food to the hungry, raiment to the unclothed, heat and shelter to those who are cold, may His Spirit bring comfort to the broken hearts, bind up the aching wounds, heal those who are sick, preserve from plague and pestilence those who are victims of this world-wide holocaust.

### OUR TESTIMONIES

We again bear you our testimony: that God lives and that He loves those who keep His commandments and walk in His ways; that Christ, His Only Begotten, came to earth and lived

His mission through, that He was crucified, died, the Lamb of God sacrificed for the sins of the world, and after three days came forth from the tomb, a resurrected being, thereby making the Atonement which brings the blessing of a resurrection to all God's children, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, raised up to usher in this the Last Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, and to bring about the restoration of the fullness of the everlasting Gospel and the Holy Priesthood of God, lost to earth through the wickedness of men.

We bear witness that this is the one true Church of the Christ, and that except through it and the following of the teachings and commandments it proclaims, men may not reach the highest exaltation in the eternities to come.

We say unto you that in the darkest hours of these days of dread, tumult, and woe, the Lord is near to us, that He mourns over the iniquities and the sorrows of His children, that He would lead us into paths of peace if we would but follow Him, that He holds in His loving Hands, nurtured by His boundless mercy, every one who lives righteously, and who seeks His protection, that He listens and hearkens to those who, having pure hearts and contrite spirits, come to Him with prayers of unshaking faith. He stands to-day ready as always to gather us in, "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," would we but yield our lives in righteous service to Him.

## DRINK AND THE WORD OF WISDOM

The world is smitten, nigh unto death, with great and grievous tribulations, following the commission of cardinal sins.

Over the earth, and it seems particularly in America, the demon drink is in control. Drunken with strong drink, men have lost their reason, their judgment and vision are fled, they reel forward to destruction.

Drink brings cruelty into the home, it walks arm in arm with poverty; its companions are disease and plague; it puts chastity to flight; it knows neither honesty nor fair dealing; it is a total stranger to truth; it drowns conscience; it is the bodyguard of evil; it curses all who touch it.

Drink has brought more woe and misery, broken more hearts, wrecked more homes, committed more crimes, filled more coffins, than all the wars the world has suffered.

Therefore, we thank the faithful Saints for their observance of the Word of Wisdom, for their putting aside of drink. The Lord is pleased with you. You have been a bulwark of strength to this people and to the world. Your influence has been for righteousness. The Lord will not forget your good works when you stand before Him in judgment He has blessed and will continue to bless you with the blessings He promised to those who obey his divine law of health. We invoke the mercies of the Lord upon you that you may continue strong in spirit, to cast off temptation and continue teachers to the youth of Zion by word and deed.

But so great is the curse of drink that we should not be held guiltless did we not call upon all offending Saints to for-

sake it and banish it from your lives forever.

God has spoken against drink in our day, and has given to this, the Lord's own Church, a specific revelation concerning it, as a "word of wisdom by revelation—

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father . . .

"And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."—D. and C. 89: 4-7.

This declares the divine wisdom. It is God's law of health, and is binding upon each and every one of us. We cannot escape its operation, for it is based upon eternal truth. Men may agree or disagree about this Word of the Lord; if they agree, it adds nothing; if they disagree, it means nothing. Beyond His Word we cannot reach, and it is enough for every Latter-day Saint, willing and trying to follow divine guidance.

For more than half a century President Grant has on every appropriate occasion, admonished the Saints touching their obligation to keep the Word of Wisdom. He has told them what it means to them in matters of health, quoting the Words of the Lord thereon. He has pointed out that treasures of knowledge, even hidden knowledge, would come to those who lived the law. He has, over and over again, shown what it would mean financially to every member who would keep the law, what it would mean financially to our people, and what it would mean financially to a nation. He has told us what it would mean in ending human woes, misery, sorrow, disease, crime, and death. But his admonitions have not found a resting-place in all our hearts.

We, the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, now solemnly renew all these counsels. we repeat all these admonitions, we re-invoke obedience to God's law of health given us by God Himself.

We repeat here the directions heretofore given by President Grant: We ask that every General Authority, every Stake and Ward officer, every officer of priesthood quorums, every auxiliary officer in Ward, Stake, or General Board, every President of Mission, every regular or Stake missionary, in short, every officer in every Church organisation, strictly to keep the Word of Wisdom from this moment forward. If any feels too weak to do this, we must ask him to step aside for some one who is willing and able so to do, for there are thousands of Latter-day Saints who are willing to obey the commandments and who are able to carry on the work of the Lord. We ask all Church presiding officers immediately to set their official houses in order. The Lord will not otherwise fully prosper us in our service in His cause, wherefore we shall stand accused before Him that we walked not in the lead of His flock in the full stature of worthy, righteous example. Furthermore, we make a like call upon all these officers to keep also the law of tithing, to live the law of strictest chastity, and to observe and do the commandments of the Lord.

That in these dire days, we may, each in his own place, enjoy the abundant physical blessings of the righteous life,

we call upon all true Latter-day Saints, in or out of office, to keep this law of health—completely to give up drink, to quit using tobacco which all too often leads to drink, to abandon hot drinks and the use of harmful drugs, and otherwise to observe the Word of Wisdom. We urge the Saints to quit trifling with this law and so to live it that we may claim its promises.

Upon you parents, laden with the divinely imposed responsibility of guiding pure, eternal spirits through the early years of their earth existence, we urge a faithful performance of your sacred duty, to teach this law of health to your children both by precept and example. Of a surety the Lord will not hold us guiltless if we fail one whit in guarding, protecting, and guiding these innocent and precious souls on their way to exaltation.

Parents, these are not the times for weak attempts and half-measures, but for the full strength of righteous, prayerful, God-fearing efforts to walk ourselves, and to lead our children, along the paths of sobriety and chastity.

When, as the Lord Himself has declared, plague, pestilence, famine, and death shall be poured out upon the nations for their wickedness, and when these shall break over our heads and our loved ones are smitten nigh to death, when hearts are torn and the anguish of grief almost overwhelms us, who can fathom the joy or measure the blessing of that father and mother who can stand before the Lord and say, "We have kept Thy commandments. We and ours have lived Thy law. Vouchsafe Thy promised blessings unto us. We remember Thy Word, 'I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say.' Let Thy healing power rest upon our afflicted ones 'that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them.'"

As with a person, as with a people, so is it with a nation. A drunken nation cannot expect that God will withhold His judgments, nor ward off the ravages of the Destroyer. A drunken nation is a seedbed for disaster—political, physical, moral, and spiritual. A drunken nation may not, even in its hours of direst distress, pray to God for help, with that simple assurance and unpolluted faith which bring aid and comfort to those who abide the law of sobriety and keep His commandments.

Rulers of nations may not suppose that their peoples will be less drunken than are they themselves. We call upon the rulers of all nations to show their peoples by their examples how to live the sober and virtuous life. We call upon them to bring into their counsels, the re-enthroned reason of undrunken minds. Then will wisdom and vision return, and peace will leave her hiding-place to bless the world. We exhort men and rulers the world over to learn the blessings which come to those who live God's full law of health, that they may, under His Hands and by His Power, help to bring salvation, temporal and spiritual, to the whole human race.

(To be continued.)

# Greetings From The British Mission Presidency

WITH the coming of another Christmas and the New Year, we unite with you and all followers of Jesus Christ, commemorating His birth in the Meridian of Time as the Only Begotten of the Father.

Again with humility and joy we render our sincere thanks unto Him for our material welfare: we have been again blessed in our baskets; we have not suffered want or privation; in our habitations we have enjoyed immunity from the hand of the destroyer; we are thankful for our membership in His Church and Kingdom and our hearts are truly full of gratitude.

In the spirit of Christmastide, we send our Greetings to:—

The First Presidency of the Church in Zion and the Council of the Twelve Apostles, to whom we express our sincere and united appreciation for their counsel and guidance;

The Presiding Bishopric and all other Boards and Organisations in Zion, who have readily supported us in our Mission responsibilities;

Christmas Greetings and Sincere Wishes to the District and Branch Presidents, Counsellors and Officers of the British Mission. In our third year of office, we wish to tell them again how much we appreciate their unstinted help and co-operation, their brotherly attitude, unity of effort and sacrifice. Our sacred duties have been accomplished in accordance with the promptings and guidance of the Holy Spirit. These brethren have stood by us in the line of duty faithful and true to the trust and confidence placed in them;

The Full-time Missionaries: Our records show us their work and accomplishments—and very gratifying indeed—despite the most difficult conditions under which they have been and are labouring. They share with us the spirit of their calling; most of them have endured many difficulties, have overcome many obstacles, but all of them have faithfully and honourably fulfilled their missions this year;

Our Home Missionaries we send our Christmas Greetings and commend most heartily all those who have stood true to the tasks and duties as messengers of the Restored Gospel.

All the Mission Boards and Auxiliaries, we tender our very deep appreciation for their valuable and painstaking assistance and support.

To all our brothers and sisters in office or otherwise here and abroad and to many friends of the Church, we send our Sincere Greetings in the spirit of good will, brotherly love and affection: may the Lord's choicest blessings rest upon each and every one of them.

ANDRE K. ANASTASIOU.
GEORGE H. BAILEY.
JAMES R. CUNNINGHAM.

## Prayer For Peace

WE are happy to express to our sisters of the Church in this country and abroad our Christmas Greetings and wish them with loving affection, material and spiritual blessings.

We have passed through another year of strife, turmoil, suffering and great anxiety. Some of our sisters have been called upon to share with other women of this and other lands the sacrifice of their sons and husbands—in our united effort to overcome evil and to save our people, our land and heritage from the ruthless oppressor.

These fine sisters have been blessed with courage and fortitude, and although they feel the void left in their hearts, thy have the abiding faith that the time is not far distant when their loved ones shall be restored to them in the prime of their manhood. The Resurrection Day shall come and with it the Peace "that passeth understanding." Until then we shall not slacken our missions as mothers in Israel.

This Christmas we join in song and praise to our Heavenly Father for the gift of His only Begotten Son. O, we hope that the warring nations will still their minds and hearts, will fold their weapons of horror and devastation and bow their heads to honour the Prince of Peace if only for a short moment.

MARIE W. ANASTASIOU.
Relief Society Board.

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## The Gift

AS we cherish the Man of Sorrows and consider the wide range of His gifts, it is becoming to us to value that which is greatest, **Eternal Life.**

Christmas is the time of giving. We celebrate the Father's great gift of His Son unto the world "that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Did we say, freely given? Yes! But there is a condition, that you pass the gift along. The children in our Sunday Schools are sure to receive one of two gifts. If you as a Sunday School worker do not establish the Gospel in their hearts and lives and so make them partakers of the gift of Eternal Life, there are men ready and eager to implant the seeds of unrighteousness in their bosoms to their discredit and enternal shame.

Genealogical workers, your task is to pass the gift from this world to the next, from the living to the dead. Come, help the Master in His self-appointed task to redeem the Living and the Dead. May we be specially conscious this Christmas of the gift bestowed upon us and make this Christmas indeed a happy one for some soul, living or dead.

JAMES R. CUNNINGHAM.
Mission Sunday School Board and Mission Genealogical Board.

# Cease Fire!

WHEN that command is uttered, a deep and heavy sigh will rend the suddenly quietened air of this mad, war-torn world. The pent-up feelings of millions of souls of every nation, tongue and people will issue forth in unspeakable relief—we shall enjoy Peace! and Freedom—and Unity. We pray earnestly that we may. In our celebration of this greatest event in the world's history in ensuing days, let us not forget the memory of that gentle man, our elder brother, whose love is unsurpassed, for "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." YOUTH of Britain—Youth of our Church in this land, and those of you who, wearing uniform, do battle for the triumph of right over might, and who will spend their Christmas-tide in foreign lands separated from their loved ones, remember your Saviour! Remember His devotion; remember His courage; remember His control; remember His wisdom; remember His Love. **Register a secret vow: As He lived, thus He taught; I will, too.** It is my duty, to myself, to my friends, to my country, to my God! Though I may be called to tread a path of thorns, my goal is the greensward ahead, smooth and yielding to my aching limbs. He died upon a cross, in sweat and agony. Can I not bear a little roughness to my feet? I can and I will! Then, **FORWARD! till lasting Peace crowns Victory.**

—JAMES P. HILL.
British Mission M.I.A. Board.

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# "Suffer Little Children . . ."

"**AND this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.**"

As the anniversary of that day fast approaches, we turn to our Heavenly Father and thank Him for the wonderful gift He gave to the world, and prepare with joy to celebrate the birthday of His Son, knowing that He "fought the good fight, kept the faith, and finished His course."

Because we are workers in Primary we remember His childhood and think how His Mother Mary must have taken Him on her knee and taught Him the simple stories from the Scriptures. We are told "the Child grew and waxed strong in Spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him."

We have the task of helping children to be like Him and knowing that if we sow the seeds in their hearts, we shall have peace, His peace.

TO ALL OUR CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE MISSION, A HAPPY, HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND MAY HOME-LOVE, INSPIRED OF THE ANCIENT SCENE IN AN ANIMAL STALL ABOUND IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

EDNA GARDNER,
for British Mission Primary Organisation.

The Latter-Day Saints' "Millennial Star"

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1942

EDITORIAL

# "For Unto You Is Born This Day In The City Of David, A Saviour, Which Is Christ, The Lord"

LET us consider with a deep sense of reverence and thoughtful attitude the greatest event in the history of the world—the birth of Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten of the Father.

"But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting."

The coming of Christ in the flesh was not unexpected. Generations B.C. the prophets knew of this event. "Enoch cried unto the Lord: When shall the day of the Lord come? And the Lord said: It shall be in the meridian of time; and behold, Enoch saw the day of the coming of the Son of Man, even in the flesh."

Father Abraham, the Patriarch of the House of Israel, saw the day of His coming and rejoiced. Even from the days of Adam, the Father, to prepare the minds and hearts of His children, instituted the form of worship and sacrifices in the similitude of the Lamb. Moses and Aaron and their posterity continued the prescribed order of worship, temple ordinances and the observance of various commandments as a prototype of His birth, ministry in the flesh, crucifixion, death and resurrection.

Likewise the prophets of the Western hemisphere, Nephi, Alma, Mosiah, saw the day of His birth and left a record that He would be born in the city of Bethlehem, in the land of Judah. From the days of Adam almost to the day of His birth, His Father in Heaven never ceased to send heavenly messages to prepare everything for the birth of His Son in the flesh.

At last when he was born, an angel of the Lord appeared to some awe-stricken shepherds in the country close to where Jesus was born, and with the glory of the Lord that shone round about them he announced: "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord." The shepherds were told where to look for Him and how to identify Him, for the Angel gave them certain directions. Obediently they went in search of the child and found Him just as the Angel had said—wrapped in swathling clothes, lying in a manger. "And sud-

denly there was with the Angel a multitude of heavenly hosts praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2: 10-14.

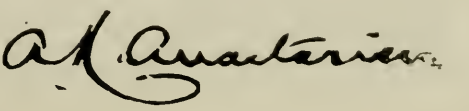
"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

The appearance of a special star in heaven, the acquaintance of the wise men with the facts of His birth, the concern of Herod and his subsequent butchery of little children in the land Judea, the visitations of numerous angels as messengers of the Father, the very acknowledgement of His Son by His own Word, leave no doubt whatsoever in the minds of thoughtful men and women as to the reality of the birth of the Son of God in the flesh in the meridian of time.

Of course, with the passing of many centuries since that great event, the absence of immediate records, which bore the evidence of His birth, and continual wrangling among men of the world in the last few centuries, have dimmed and partly destroyed the knowledge and the actuality of the birth of Christ.

To renew the knowledge of His birth, to re-establish His identity and personality, the Father, Who was instrumental in bringing His Son into the world in the meridian of time, has again brought Him in our dispensation. On a spring morning in the year 1820 in a little town of Manchester, Ontario county, State of New York, the Father came to earth and brought with Him His Son. On this occasion a youth of 14 was to behold them. Observe: two personages in human form with the glory that shone round about them and exceeded the light of sun at noonday, stood before Joseph Smith, the Martyr Prophet of the nineteenth century. "Behold this is My beloved, hear Him," declared the Father.

The mystery, doubt and age-old perverted notions of His personality have at last been removed. Not only Joseph Smith, but other men of repute, disciples with Joseph Smith in the latter days, have left a witness and a testimony that the Father is a personal being, possessing a definite form, with bodily parts and spiritual passions. Jesus Christ, who was with the Father in spirit before coming to dwell in the flesh, and through whom worlds were made, lived among men as a man, with all physical characteristics of a human being; after His resurrection He appeared in the same form; in that form He ascended to heaven; and in that form He has manifested Himself to the Nephites, and to modern prophets. We are assured that Christ was in the express image of His Father, after which image man also has been created. Therefore we know that both the Father and the Son are in form and stature perfect men; each of them possessing a tangible body, infinitely pure and perfect and attended by transcendent glory, nevertheless a body of flesh and bones.



# For The Young Folk

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely shining star
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And the mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ the Holy Child."
Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

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## The First Christmas Tree

TWO little children were sitting by the fire one cold winter's night. All at once they heard a timid knock at the door and one ran to open it.

There, outside in the cold and darkness, stood a child with no shoes upon his feet and clad in thin, ragged garments. He was shivering with cold, and he asked to come in and warm himself.

"Yes, come in," cried both the children. "You shall have our place by the fire. Come in."

They drew the little stranger to their warm seat and shared their supper with him, and gave him their bed, while they slept on a hard bench.

In the night they were awakened by strains of sweet music, and looking out, they saw a band of children in shining garments, approaching the house. They were playing on golden harps and the air was full of melody.

Suddenly the Strange Child stood before them, no longer cold and ragged, but clad in silvery light.

His soft voice said: "I was cold and you took Me in. I was hungry and you fed Me. I was tired and you gave Me your bed. I am the Christ-Child, wandering through the world to bring peace and happiness to all good children. As you have given to Me, so may this tree every year give rich fruit to you."

So saying, He broke a branch from the fir tree that grew near the door, and He planted it in the ground and disappeared. And the branch grew into a great tree, and every year it bore wonderful fruit for the kind children.—Adapted.

# Wartime Christmas

Congratulations to Sister Edith Russell, of Bradford, First Prize winner in our annual Christmas Literary Contest. Her story appears here and we are sure that all our readers will enjoy these fine thoughts, splendidly expressed and well blended into a pleasant little tale. Sister Russell will receive a copy of "Jesus the Christ," by James E. Talmage, in recognition of her worthy effort.

Second Prize goes to Sister Muriel Perry, of Wales, and Third Prize to Sister Vera Thistleton, of Hull, both commendable efforts. They will receive free "Star" subscritions for six months and three months respectively.

We thank all who sent entries and to the unsuccessful triers —well, just try again next time.

THE world, climatically speaking, was disappointed in its dreaming. It was not a White Christmas after all. It was a dull-skyed, weeping, fog-enveloped season of inelastic ration-books and unlighted fires. It was Christmas 1942, Anno Domini.

The calendar said it was Christmas Eve, but old Samuel did not hear it. He heard his clerk in the outer office rubbing his hands vigorously together to induce a little warmth into those frozen members, and he coughed in order to remind him that he paid him to use a pen and not to perform circulatory exercises during office hours.

Old Samuel was in his usual Christmas humour, ill-tempered, domineering, loud-voiced and scornful. Once, fifty years ago, when he was a boy, he had sung carols at house-doors and hymns in church, and had eaten turkey and plum pudding and other indigestible trifles at Christmas. He had laughed and kissed the girls under the mistletoe, and Christmas had filled him with a sense of peace and good will towards mankind. But that was fifty years ago and in half a century a man changes. He had other things to think about; money, business, providing for the old-age which had crept upon him unawares, speculating on the Exchange. And now it was Christmas again.

If you could call it Christmas, with little in the shops, few luxuries and buses which couldn't be spared for pleasure any more. Not that old Samuel wanted these things. Not a bit of it! War was good for trade. The fuel target was a blessing. He had no children who might be ill-bred enough to expect presents. The war had killed many; had put out the lights and tightened humanity's belt. And in the end it had killed Christmas, too. Samuel chuckled with satisfaction and bent more arduously to his ledgers.

At six o'clock he put on his hat and emerged into the blacked-out city. The fog had increased, and everything looked ghostly and unfamiliar, but he knew his way to Commodore Street and set off with brisk, decisive steps. Shadows banged into him, apologised and redirected their steps. He heard

people laugh as they jostled each other's arms. A small boy, wheeling a hand-cart, in which sat enthroned a smaller girl, ran into his legs, nearly upsetting him. The little Boadicea screamed, "Look out, Bill! Mind old Scrooge! That's 'is wooden leg!"

Something flared up in old Samuel, burned a minute, then flickered and died. A Christmas tree, catching at his coat as he walked by, distracted his attention from the children and when he looked again they were gone. He walked on, his hands fumbling with a sixpence in his pocket.

He realised with something of a start that the street looked strange. Where the bank should have been, a house now stood. Incredulously, he stopped. He was lost. He had been so certain that he knew the way and he was undoubtedly lost. He had trod these same pavements for fifty years. And now, he had lost the way. Incredulous. But true.

A figure knocked his shoulder and a pleasant voice said "O, I'm so sorry. I'm blind. Forgive me."

Samuel put out his hand and gripped the stranger's hand with more panic than he realised.

"Just a minute! Can you tell me where I am? I've lost my way. I want to get to Commodore Street."

"This is Mormon Street. I'm going your way. I'll take you there."

"Thank you." Old Samuel, with a murmured apology, put his hand on the stranger's arm and relievedly turned to cross the street.

People still jostled them and Samuel's tongue toyed with many alarming epithets which, strangely enough, he did not utter. The stranger's stick beat out an uncanny tattoo as they walked.

"Not much of a Christmas this year, I'm afraid," Samuel remarked, conversationally. "I think the war's killed it."

"Killed it? Killed Christmas? My dear brother, what do you mean?" The stranger's voice sounded shocked.

"Well, there's not much Christmas about to-night, is there? Look at those shop windows—they're like blind eyes—I'm sorry, I didn't mean ——" Old Samuel fumbled to cover his blunder, but the stranger said without any rancour. "That's all right. I understand what you mean. Look at my eyes. They are just as empty as those windows. There was someone who said that the eyes are the windows of the soul. My eyes have no light in them any more, like those windows, but behind them —! Shall I tell you what lies behind them? Christmas, my friend. Christmas in all its colour and joy."

"Christmas? You speak as though it was something alive." Samuel tried to make his voice express the scorn that had lived for fifty years within him.

"Christmas is alive. It cannot be extinguished by war. The blackness of night does not extinguish the stars. They shine the more brightly in the darkness."

The stranger gripped Samuel's arm as a party of young men

and girls passed them, calling out as they went, "Merry Christmas, Mr. Bates! No, we shan't be late, but don't forget it's Christmas Eve. Love to the kids!"

"Listen, brother. There's Christmas in people's voices. It doesn't matter that we have ration-books. Love and good will are not rationed. There's not much 'peace on earth' but Christmas and what it means brings peace into people's hearts."

"What does it mean?" Old Samuel asked, though in a strange, indefinable fashion he already knew the answer. But fifty years is a long time—and he wasn't sure.

"It means God and sinners reconciled. It means the birth of the Saviour, Who said "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." It means that peace and good will cannot die. Christmas is not external, friend, nor even internal. It is Eternal, as the birth of Love."

They stopped. The fog was clearing a little now.

"You lost the way, brother, but the same Father Who sent the Angel to direct the wise men, sent me to direct you." The stranger held out his hand.

A boy of 16 gripped it, a boy to whom Christmas was a glorious season; to whom for fifty long years it had been lost in a spiritual black-out, created by a man's soul at war with his God.

"Good night. You're right. I had lost the way. But the fog has lifted now. Good night and—a Happy Christmas to you."

Old Samuel turned away. It promised to be a very happy Christmas. The happiest he had known.

CHRISTMAS is a wonderful period of the year. The event which inspires its celebration was one in magnitude unsurpassed, and the spirit it engenders in the hearts of all is a joy to know and a lasting pleasure. I feel the necessity of expressing my appreciation to our readers for their sustained support of the "Star" this last year. I thank you for your appreciative letters and I do hope that the "Star" will continue to be of help and guidance to you in the future. I send my personal greetings to you all. The work is a joy to me, and I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for the privilege of being able to perform this important task. I think often of our boys in the Forces in various parts of the world, and I am glad that our little book is of such value to them. It was designed to be a Messenger of the Truth, a "Star" whose rays should be Rays of Living Light. That is the purpose behind our efforts. May the Lord bless us all if our endeavours be righteous therefore, and may this holocaust soon end that we may the better perform our duties in His service.

YOUR EDITOR

# One Week Or Fifty-Two?

WHEN the Christmas tree is dismantled and consigned to the flames, when the trimmings and decorations are packed and put in the attic, when the gifts have been displayed and lost their novelty, is the spirit behind these happy days to be wrapped in moth balls and put away?

Is it the tree, is it the decorations, is it the value of the gifts that make the holiday time the gladdest of the year? Or is it the spirit that permeates them all?

What is the Christmas spirit?

It is the spirit of Him whose birthday we honour, who delivered the Sermon on the Mount and practised in His daily life the Golden Rule, Who is the Prince of Peace, the Holy Redeemer, the Risen and Glorified Saviour of Mankind—Jesus of Nazareth.

He it was who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He it was who healed the sick and raised the dead, who brought hope and cheer and comfort to all the generations of men.

Happy is the home where His teachings are revered and His name is heard in daily prayer. There is nothing else in the wide world so sweet, so satisfying, so sustaining, as the companionship of His Spirit, which is the Spirit of Christmas.

Shall we have it one week or fifty-two?

—The Children's Friend.

# L.D.S. Pen Friendship League

AT this more than any other time of the year, the spirit of good will is in the hearts of men everywhere, but especially among men and women who remember their parents, families, relatives and friends.

L.D.S. Pen Friends take this opportunity to express to each other their Sincere Christmas Greetings and Good Wishes for the New Year. The League has brought to many of our members, especially in the Forces, away from home, cheer, encouragement, friendship and happiness.

**With one voice, we say: Success to the L.D.S. Pen Friendship League; may its efforts never cease to fulfill the righteous and worthy objects of uniting our people of the Church.**

**NEW PEN FRIENDS:**

**Rolland H. Rose,**
Co. C.830 Eng. B.N. (A.V.N.,
A.P.O., 517 U.S. Army, Eng.

**L.A.C. Walls, R. B., 121470,**
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7, St. Peter's Grove,
York, Yorks.

**R. Gibson, M.41779,**
No. 1 Transport Batt.,
R.C., A.S.C.

**G. Rawlings, M.101075,**
27, Amrd. Div. H.Q.,
Can. Army, England.

**Sgt. F. A. Rappley,**
A.P.O. 634,
363rd Bomb Squdn.,
U.S. Army.

**M.66273 Pte. D. S. Bennett,**
8th Field Ambulance,
C.A.O.

**P. F. C. Edgar Colgrove 37087912,**
Co. "A" Med. Bn.,
U.S. Army, A.P.O. 813.

**Fred C. Ulrich,**
A.A.F. Station S. —597,
A.P.O. 636, U.S. Army.

**B.32374 Sgn. Mount Phillip,**
No. 1 Can. Sig. Run. Unit,
No. 2 Camp, Base Post Office,
England.

**Can. R.103592 Ac/1 W. E. Jenson,**
"B" Flight 416, Sqdn.,
R.C.A.F., Eng.

**Albert E. W. Ziesman,**
123rd Chem. Pltn.,
A.P.O. No. 873. U.S. Army, England

**Cpl. G. I. Cannon, 39680959,**
49th Fighter Sqdn.,
A.P.O. 874, U.S. Army.

MAY THE SPIRIT OF GOOD WILL ADORN THE FRIENDSHIP, FRATERNITY AND FELLOWSHIP AMONG LATTER-DAY SAINTS THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR.

—A. K. A.

# Lest We Forget

Hugh C. Brown

Albert Collins

May we pause for a moment, to remember these and others who have answered the supreme call. To their loved ones we extend our heartfelt sympathies — we feel with them the loss of good men who have 'fought the good fight.'

Douglas A. Camm

We remember, too, prisoners of war, and pray sincerely that soon the time may come when it will be possible for them all to return to us and fraternise again in joy and harmony of our dear Gospel. God speed the day.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
God of the nations, spare us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

# THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

Born
December 23rd
1805.

Martyred
June 21st
1844.

JOSEPH SMITH, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it. In the short space of twenty years, he has brought forth the Book of Mormon, which he translated by the gift and power of God, and has been the means of publishing it on two continents; has sent the fulness of the everlasting Gospel which it contained, to the four quarters of the earth; has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of Doctrine and Covenants, and many other wise documents and instructions for the benefit of the children of men; gathered many thousands of the Latter-day Saints, founded a great city, and left a fame and name that cannot be slain. He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people; and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and his works with his own blood; and so has his brother Hyrum. In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated!—Doctrine and Covenants 135: 3.

Praise To His Memory.

To All
Our Readers
Far and Near

Happy Christmas

Happier
New Year!